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TALES FROM FAR AND NEAR

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HISTORY STORIES OF OTHER LANDS

TALES FROM FAR AND NEAR

EDITED BY

ARTHUR GUY TERRY

Associate Professor of History
Northwestern University

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PREFACE

The aim of this series is to provide some of the broad outlines of European history, filled in with sketches of the more important events in the development of the history of our own country. The material is treated in such a way as to form an excellent background for the study of American history, showing the events of that history in their true relation and making them assume a broad and new significance. The historic sense is enriched when such movements as the Crusades or the Renaissance are treated in their wider aspects — as reaching our shores, even though remotely, like the tides from afar.

The first two books of the series consist of simple stories of all time drawn from the histories of many lands. The later volumes deal each with the events of a definite period, bringing the discussion down to the present time. This subject matter is both interesting and valuable and has been graded with care.

In addition to a great number of pictures of persons and places of note, and drawings of historical objects, the full-page colored illustrations provide reproductions of famous historical paintings in the galleries of Great Britain and the Continent, heretofore not available for use in this country.

Maps, tables, and charts, designed to help the pupils to fix the time- and place-relations, by appealing to the visual memory, have been placed for convenience of reference in the appendix by themselves.

In addition to these maps, charts, and genealogical tables, each book contains a complete glossary, making it possible for the pupil to help himself in learning to pronounce the proper names appearing in the text.

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TALES FROM FAR AND NEAR

The Story of a Wooden Horse

Very long ago an old blind man, named Homer, sang songs to the people of Greece. He told stories in his songs, and other men wrote down some of them in books. The tale of the Wooden Horse is one of these stories.

There was once a long war which lasted for ten years. Some men of the land of Greece were fighting against the people of the city of Troy.

The Greeks sailed in their ships to Troy. But they could not get into the city, for the gates were shut. So they put up tents and built huts on the plains outside the city walls, and waited there.

Sometimes the men of Troy rushed out of the city and tried to drive the Greeks away. But they could not do this. Sometimes the Greeks tried to break down the gates or climb the high walls of the city. But they too failed.

At the end of ten years, the Greeks began to grow tired of the long fight. They wanted to go back to their homes, but they did not like to leave without first taking the city.

At last, one of the leaders found a way to do this. He made the Greeks build a large horse of wood. The horse was hollow inside, and it was so large that it would hold twelve men. It was moved upon wheels.

This great horse was set up on the plain in front of the city. In the dark of night, twelve brave Greeks got inside it, while the rest of the Greeks sailed away in their ships. But the ships did not go

Dragging the Wooden Horse

far; they stopped a little way off, where they could not be seen.

When daylight came, the men of Troy looked down at the plain. No Greeks were to be seen. Full of surprise they crowded out of the city, and on the plain they found the big horse of wood. They did not know that twelve Greeks were hidden inside it.

They looked at it, and they touched it. They walked all round it, and one or two of the most daring among them

threw their spears at it. But they could make nothing of it. All they could think was that the Greeks might come back some day, and that they had left the horse there for luck.

Some men of Troy wanted to burn it, but most of them wanted to keep it. They said that if they could only get this huge wooden horse inside their city wall, then luck would be with them and not with the Greeks.

They dragged the horse on its wheels into the city. At night, when it was dark, the Greeks came from their hiding-place, and opened the gates of Troy. By this time the other Greeks had sailed back again. When they saw the gates open they rushed into the city and burned the houses and killed many of the people.

That was the end of the great war which lasted for ten long years.

Romulus and Remus

Once upon a time, long, long ago, two baby boys were born in Italy. These babies were twins, and their names were Romulus and Remus. Their grandfather was a king, but he had been driven from his kingdom by his brother.

The brother who did this unfair thing took the crown and made himself king.

He was not a good man. When he heard of the twin babies he was afraid.

"If these little princes grow big and strong," he said to himself, "they may kill me some day, and give the crown back to their grandfather."

So he sent some of his men to take the babies, and to throw them into the river. This cruel thing was done. The men put the poor little babies into a basket and threw it into the river. Then they went and told the new king that the babies were drowned.

But this was not true. The basket floated on the water and was carried down the stream. Then it was washed to the bank of the river and left there. And so they were saved.

But they were cold and hungry, and they cried loudly as they lay in the basket near the river.

It is said that a kind mother-wolf heard the cries of the babies and came

to them. She carried them away from the river to a nice dry place under a wild fig tree. She warmed them under her shaggy coat, and fed them with her own milk.

This she did every day until they grew so big that they could eat other food. Then, it is said, a big woodpecker came every day with meat in her beak for them. And in this way the twins grew strong.

After a time, one of the new king's shepherds passed by and saw the babies. He did not know who they were, but as he was a kind man, he took them to his cottage, and asked his wife to take care of them.

The two young princes lived in the shepherd's hut until they were big strong boys. They played with his children, and helped to watch the sheep upon the hillside, and were quite happy. But they did not know they were princes.

Years were to pass before they found out.

The new king's sheep fed upon the grass on one part of the hills, and the old king's sheep fed upon the grass on another part of the hills. Sometimes there were fights between the new king's shepherds and the old king's shepherds.

In one of these fights, the shepherds of the old king caught Remus and took him away to the house of their master. Romulus ran after his brother to try to help him, but the shepherds got him also. Then the two lads were taken before the old king, who was their grandfather.

When the old king saw the tall pretty boys in their plain clothes, he stared.

"Surely those fine lads are not the sons of a shepherd?" said he.

He asked many things of the boys and of the shepherds. Then he sent for the shepherd who had cared for them all these years, and from him he learned

The Old King and His Grandsons

their strange story So the old king found out that the boys were indeed his grandsons, and he was very happy.

He told Romulus and Remus that they were princes, and that the new king had tried to drown them when they were babies. This story made the lads very angry. They went to the new king's palace and killed him. Then they gave the crown back to their grandfather.

But they would not stay with the old king.

"No," said they, "we will build a city for ourselves near the river where we were saved." And they went back to that place.

"Let us build our city here!" said Romulus, pointing to one hilltop.

"No, let us build it here!" said Remus, pointing to another hilltop.

And they could not agree.

Then they said: "We will watch the sky, and the one of us who first sees a flock of birds flying past shall build the city where he pleases."

So Romulus watched the sky from one hilltop, and Remus watched it from another. Remus first saw a flock of birds fly past. He saw six; but soon afterwards Romulus saw twelve birds.

"It is for me to build the city, for I saw the birds first," said Remus.

"No! It is for me to build it, for I saw more birds than you," said Romulus. So they could not agree.

THE DISPUTE BETWEEN ROMULUS AND REMUS

At first the brothers spoke angrily to one another. Then they began to fight; and in the fight poor Remus was killed.

So it was Romulus who built the city. He called it Rome after his own name.

We do not know that this story is true. The old books which told of it are lost. But one thing is quite true. The city of Rome still stands upon the hills near a river in Italy.

The Keeping of the Bridge

One day, long years ago, there was a great stir at Rome. Upon the dusty roads outside the city, crowds of people were running or walking very fast. Now and then some of these people looked back, as if they feared that danger was coming behind them.

There were young men and women, old men and women, boys and girls and babies. There were sick people who could not walk, but had to be carried by their servants. And there were workmen from the fields with their spades and reaping hooks in their hands.

There were beasts too; sheep and goats, cows, donkeys, and mules. There were many carts loaded with corn and food,

and with tables, chairs, and beds. All these people, and beasts, and carts were going in haste to Rome. And this is why.

Behind them, over the green fields and along the dusty roads, a great army was

A Great Army Was Coming along the Road

coming. There were thousands of foot soldiers and thousands of horse soldiers in that army. They meant to fight the people of Rome and to take their city.

These soldiers burned the houses of the country people, and broke their fences; they trod down their corn, and stole their food and their goods. No wonder the poor people ran away as fast as they could to Rome. They hoped to be safe inside the strong walls of the city, with the gates shut.

When the wise men of Rome heard the story of the people who crowded in at their gates, they went quickly to the top of the high wall and looked out over the river.

Upon the other side of the river they saw a cloud of dust. This cloud of dust came nearer every moment. It was stirred up by the feet of all the soldiers and horses marching rapidly toward Rome.

There was a wooden bridge over the river. The army would have to cross this bridge to reach the city.

"We must break down the bridge,"

cried one of the wise men. "Then our foes will be stopped, and Rome will be saved."

The Roman soldiers ran out of the city with axes in their hands, and began to cut down the bridge. But it was too late. The great army was already near, and there was not time to cut through the thick posts and planks.

"Rome will be lost!" cried one of the men; and the women wept. But there was a very brave man in Rome named Horatius. This man now stood out of the crowd, and shouted loudly: "Rome shall be saved! Cut down the bridge quickly! I will stop the army, if two other men will help me."

There were many other brave men in the city.

"I will help you!" cried one of these.

"And I!" cried another.

So Horatius and the other two men walked over the bridge and stood side

by side near the far end. Behind them their friends cut fast at the bridge with their axes, to break it down.

When the thousands of the enemy saw the three brave Romans waiting for them on the bridge, they stopped in surprise. "How can three men stop an army?" they cried, and they laughed aloud. Then they rushed on.

But the bridge was not wide. Not more than three or four men could enter it at once. When the first three soldiers came on, they were cut down and killed by Horatius and his friends; and so were the next and the next.

The great army on the river bank shouted with anger. But the Romans on the other side of the river shouted with joy.

The bridge was nearly down. Already there was a large gap in it. Very soon the last timbers would fall.

"Come back!" cried the Romans to

their three brave friends. "Jump over the gap before it is too wide!"

The two brave men who stood beside Horatius jumped quickly. They were safe. But Horatius did not leave his post.

"I will not come until the last plank is down," cried he.

So the Romans cut faster and faster with their axes. On came the soldiers

Horatius Jumped into the River

again. But now the last piece of wood had fallen into the water. The bridge was down, and Rome was safe.

Then brave Horatius turned back and jumped into the rushing water. All men feared that he would be drowned, but he swam across the river and landed safe in Rome again.

The Romans did all they could to honor these three brave men who saved their city. They wrote their story in books, so that all men might read of the good thing which they did.

HORATIUS DEFENDS THE BRIDGE

Alexander the Great and His Horse

One of the most famous of the Greeks was Alexander the Great, who made himself master of a large part of the world. He had a splendid horse which he always rode when he went to battle. He won this horse when he was a boy, by his wisdom and boldness.

This is how he won it. The horse was sent as a present to King Philip, father of the young prince Alexander. The king went to a wide plain to try it, and his son and all his great men went with him.

But it was soon found that the horse was very wild. It kicked and reared so that no man could mount upon its back. The king was angry that so wild an

animal should be sent to him, and gave orders for it to be taken back at once.

The prince was vexed to hear this.

"It is a pity to lose such a fine horse because no man is brave enough to mount it," said he.

Alexander Riding Bucephalus

The king thought his son spoke without thinking.

"Your words are bold," said he, "but are you bold enough to mount the horse yourself?"

The young prince went up to the restless animal. He took the bridle and turned its head toward the sun. He did so because he had seen that the horse was afraid of its own black shadow, which kept moving upon the ground before its eyes.

With its face to the sun, the horse could no longer see the shadow, which now fell on the ground behind it. It soon became quiet. Then the prince stroked it, and patted it gently, and by and by he sprang quickly upon its back.

The horse at once set off at a gallop over the plain, with the boy bravely holding on. The king and his men were in great fear, for they thought the prince would be thrown to the ground and killed. But they need not have been afraid.

Soon the horse grew tired of its gallop, and began to trot. Then Alexander turned, and gently rode it back. The

men shouted, and the king took his son in his arms and shed tears of joy.

The horse was given to the young prince. It loved its master, and would kneel down for him to mount, but it would let no other person get upon its back.

The books tell us that at last, after many years, it was hurt in a fight. But it carried its master to a safe place. Then it lay down and died.

Alexander built a city at that place, and gave the city the horse's name, Bucephalus.

Alexander the Great

Alexander at the Home of Diogenes

Alexander Visits Diogenes

When this little prince who tamed the wild horse grew up, he became a great king. He owned many lands and ruled over many people. One day this king, who was now called Alexander the Great, decided to pay a visit to some of the larger cities of Greece. Among the cities which he planned to visit was the City of Corinth.

When the people of Corinth heard that King Alexander was coming to their city, they were very much pleased. All went out to see him. Everybody, even the leading men of the city, went outside the walls to meet the king and to praise him. But there was one man in Corinth who did not go. That man was Diogenes.

Now, Diogenes was the wisest man in all Corinth. Indeed, he was one of the wisest men who ever lived. He was so wise that even while he lived he had become very famous. Men came from far lands and distant cities to see him and to hear what he had to say.

Diogenes did not believe many things that most people in those times believed. He did many things which we to-day should call very queer. He thought it was wrong for any person to have more than was needed. He also believed that no man needs very much. For that reason Diogenes lived in a big barrel instead

of a house. When he became tired of living in one place all he had to do was roll his barrel along until he came to another place that he did like. There he stayed until he felt ready to move again. Strangest of all, this queer man liked to spend his time sitting in the sun and talking to those who were about him.

It is said that one day at noontime, when the sun was shining brightly, Diogenes was seen walking through the streets of Corinth with a lighted lantern and looking from side to side as if he were hunting for something.

Someone who saw him asked, "Why do you carry a lantern when the sun is shining?"

"I am looking for an honest man," answered Diogenes.

Now Alexander had heard about Diogenes and his wise sayings. The great king wanted to see him. In fact, Diogenes was the only man in all Corinth

whom he really cared about seeing at all. For that reason, the king was disappointed when he saw that Diogenes was not among those who had come out from the city to greet him.

But Alexander decided that he would see the wise man. So he said that if Diogenes would not come to see the king, then the king would go to see Diogenes. He asked to be taken to Diogenes' home. Some citizens led Alexander to an out-of-the-way place. There the king found the old man lying on the ground beside his barrel, enjoying the warmth and light of the sun.

Just then Diogenes saw that the king and a great party of people were coming toward him. He sat up and looked about him.

Alexander drew quite near and, after greeting the old man, he said: "Diogenes, I have heard a great deal about you and

your wisdom. Is there anything that I can do for you?"

"Yes," said Diogenes, "you can stand aside a little, so as not to keep the sunshine from me."

This answer was, of course, very different from the one which the king expected, so he was much surprised. But the strange answer did not make him angry. Indeed, it only made him admire Diogenes all the more.

As he rode away, he said to one of his soldiers, "If I were not Alexander, I should like to be Diogenes."

King Arthur

Long ago a baby boy was born in England, and his name was Arthur. This baby was a prince, for his father was a king.

A wise old man called Merlin took baby Arthur away from his father and mother for safety. He carried him to the castle of a good and true lord whose name was Sir Ector.

Merlin told the king and queen it was best to do this. And they let him do as he wished, because he was very wise. No other person knew that a prince had been born, for it was a secret. Sir Ector was kind to the young prince, and Arthur thought the good lord was indeed his father.

After a time the king fell sick. He

called his lords to his bedside, and told them to put the crown on Prince Arthur's head and make him king. Then he died.

But the lords did not do as the king said. They did not know that there was a prince at Sir Ector's castle. So there was trouble in the land, for first one great lord and then another tried to take the crown for himself.

Then wise old Merlin called the lords to come to a great church; and they did so. When the lords left the church, they saw a large square stone upon the ground outside. A fine sword was stuck into this stone, and round about the point of the sword were some words written in gold letters.

This is what they said: "Who pulls this sword from the stone is the king."

What a strange thing! The lords were full of wonder. First one lord and then

another tried to pull out the sword, but not one of them could move it.

Then many other men came to see the stone. Every man tried to draw out the sword, but not one could do so. Sir Ector came with the rest, and also his son, and the young prince Arthur.

Sir Ector and his son could not lift the sword, but Arthur pulled it out of the stone quite easily.

All men wondered to see a young lad do this thing which strong men could not do.

"Arthur is our king!" cried some of them. But others said: "We will not let Sir Ector's son rule over us. He is not a prince."

Then up stood Merlin and spoke: "Arthur is your king," said he. "He is a prince, for he is the son of your last king."

The people were glad when they heard the words of the wise old man.

"Arthur is our king!" they shouted.

And the crown was put on the young prince's head.

Arthur grew up to be a brave and good king. He fought and won many fights with his wonderful sword, but at last there came a day when he was beaten.

All but one of his brave lords were killed in that fight, and the king was sorely hurt. He lay on the ground, and the lord who was left alive wept beside him.

Then the king knew in his heart the things which must be done.

"Take my sword to the waterside and throw it into the water," said he. "Then come back and tell me what you see."

So the lord took the sword to the waterside. But as he held it in his hand he saw shining gems upon the hilt. He could not bear to throw away so fine a thing, so he hid it under a tree. But he told the king he had thrown it into the water.

"What did you see there?" asked King Arthur.

"I saw only the waves and winds," said the lord.

"That is not true," said the king sternly, for he knew in his heart what things must happen.

He sent the lord once more to the waterside. And once more the lord hid the sword, and told the king he had thrown it into the water.

"What did you see there?" asked King Arthur again.

"I saw only the waves stirred by the wind," said the lord.

Then the king was very angry. "That is not true," said he. "If you do not now do what I have told you, I will rise and kill you."

So the lord went once more to the waterside. This time he did not look at the shining gems, but threw the sword far out over the water.

A hand rose from the waves and took the sword. Three times it shook the sword, and then drew it down into the water. So the lord went back to the king, and told him all he had seen.

"Carry me to the waterside," said King Arthur. The lord did so, and there, close to the bank, he found a barge with many fair ladies in it.

"Put me in the barge," said the king. So the lord laid him gently in the barge. And three fair ladies, who

were queens, bent over the king and took care of him.

Then the barge moved slowly away from the land.

"Ah! my master! What shall I do without you?" cried the lord.

"Comfort yourself, and do well," said the king. "I go to a green island to be healed of my hurt."

Slowly the barge moved away, until the lord could see it no more. Then he went into the forest, weeping sadly, for he loved his master the king.

ARTHUR WITH THE SWORD DRAWN FROM THE STONE

King Alfred's Dream

Once upon a time the good king, Alfred the Great, was in sad trouble. His strong foes, the Danes, had come over the sea in ships to England. They had killed many English people and burned their houses.

Alfred and his men fought bravely, but they were beaten. The Danes drove them this way and that way. At last the king hid himself, with a few of his friends, in a poor little hut in a lonely place. The weather was very cold, and they had little to eat.

One day the king's friends went out to look for food, while King Alfred stayed at home. He was very sad and lonely, so he took his Bible and began to read.

By and by a poor man came to the door. He was cold and hungry.

"Will you give me a morsel of food for Christ's sake?" asked he.

There was one loaf in the hut and a little wine in a jug. That was all. But the king gave these to the beggar, and the poor man was very thankful.

When he had gone away, the king took his book again, and went on reading. After a time he fell asleep and dreamed a strange dream.

He dreamed that an angel stood beside him in the hut, and the angel's face was the face of the poor beggar. The angel told the king that it was indeed he who had asked for food.

He said also that God had seen the sad trouble of the king and his people, and would soon help them to drive away their foes.

When King Alfred awoke, he did not forget his dream. He felt sure it was a message from heaven.

By and by his friends came back

KING ALFRED'S DREAM

with a great many fish which they had caught. The king told them of the coming of the poor man, and of his own dream.

They were happy to hear of these things. Soon they set to work to call the English soldiers together again, and King Alfred led them to battle once more.

This time the English beat the Danes. So the king's dream came true.

One of Alfred's Battleships

King Canute on the Seashore

About a hundred years after the death of King Alfred, the English were ruled by a king named Canute. He was a strong king who ruled his country well and won many battles over the fierce people round about him.

Canute became such a great leader that those near him were always praising his strength and courage. They told him that he was the bravest and greatest man alive, and that everything in the world would obey his orders.

The king was a man of good sense. He knew that he was strong and brave, and he tried to rule his kingdom well. But he also knew that he was only a man, and that many things were not under his control. Therefore, he grew very

tired of the praise which his foolish officers and chiefs heaped upon him, and he sought for some method of teaching them a lesson.

One day the leaders of the kingdom were encamped by the seashore. The officers were praising the king, as was their habit. King Canute saw that the chance had now come to show them how foolish they were.

The king ordered his men to place his throne on the beach close by the edge of the water. Then he asked: "Is there any man in the world as mighty as I?"

Quickly the king's men replied, "There is no one in all the world who can compare with you."

"Will all things obey my command?"

"Nothing will dare to disobey you, O king," they said. "The whole world gives you honor and bows before you."

Then the king looked down at the little

King Canute Commanding the Sea

waves which were washing the sand at his feet, and questioned his men again: "Will the sea obey me?"

The officers looked at one another, but they did not know what to say or what to do. Although they did not quite believe that the sea would obey the king, they were afraid to tell him that. Finally the king repeated his question. Then the men had to answer.

"Command the sea, O king," they said, "and it will obey."

Then the king cried: "Water, I command you to come no farther! Stay back, and do not dare to touch my feet!"

But since not even a king can command the sea, the tide came in just as it had always done. The water rose higher and higher. It reached the king's feet. Then it reached his knees. At last it came up about his waist. His officers stood about him, afraid. They thought that their king must be mad.

At last Canute stood up, took his crown from his head, and turned to his officers. "Let everyone here," he said, "learn from what he has just seen. No man, however strong, can hope to rule the sea. There is only one King who has all power. It is He who rules the sea and the land, the sun and the stars. You should serve Him, praise Him, and obey His commands before all others."

The Little Soldiers of the Cross

At one time, men thought that the best thing to do was to fight. Nearly every man was a soldier, and there were many wars and battles.

Children like to do as grown-up people do. The boys and girls of those days liked nothing so much as playing at soldiers, and battles, and fighting with one another.

For many years there was a war called the War of the Cross, or the Crusades. From many countries men went to fight in the Holy Land.

The city where Christ died on the Cross is in the Holy Land. The people who lived and ruled there did not love and serve Him. So Christian men thought it would be a good and noble

LITTLE SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS

thing to take Jerusalem from them. That is what men fought for in the War of the Cross.

Soldiers who went to this war were called Soldiers of the Cross. Each of them wore a cross upon his coat or cloak.

The children saw their fathers and brothers set out for the Holy Land, and heard a great deal about the long journey over land and sea to Jerusalem. Then they made crosses of paper or of cloth, and put them upon their own clothing, and played at being little Soldiers of the Cross.

After a time, some of the bigger boys began to think it would be a better thing to go to the War of the Cross, and fight for Jerusalem, than to play at doing so.

I am sorry to say that a few of the preachers told them this. They said that the children's weak little arms

A View of Jerusalem

would be made strong if they were real Soldiers of the Cross. They told them, too, that a dry pathway to the Holy Land would be opened through the sea for them.

A shepherd boy in France heard these things, and thought it was his duty to lead an army of children to Jerusalem. He rode in a grand car about the country, calling on the children to follow him.

From all parts of the land thousands

of boys, and even a few girls, trooped after the car. They were eager to see new lands, and to be real soldiers as their fathers and brothers were.

The parents of the children begged them to stay at home. "The way to the Holy Land is too long and too hard for little feet," said they.

But the boys and girls paid no heed to their words.

"We are going to Jerusalem," they cried, and they ran after the shepherd boy, dancing and singing merrily as they went.

Alas! they never reached the end of that journey. The way was indeed long and hard. At every town the children asked: "Is this Jerusalem?" for they did not know how far they had to go.

The little ones soon became tired and footsore. They were hungry too. When no kind people gave them food,

they helped themselves from the gardens and the shops, and were driven away and beaten. Some of them fell ill and died.

At last the band of boys and girls came to the seashore, but they found the waves rolling up the beach just as usual. No dry pathway through the water was to be seen. A few of them waded into the sea, but they soon came back again.

Tired and hungry and sad, the poor children did not know what to do. Kind strangers took some of them into their houses to live with their own children. But most of them roamed to and fro on the shore, thinking sadly of Jerusalem and of their homes far away.

Then they were told of ships which were to sail across the sea. The captains of these ships said they would take the children to the Holy Land

The Children at the Seashore

without payment, "for the love of God." But they did not mean what they said.

The boys and girls crowded joyfully on to the ships. They were happy, for they thought that all was well, and that they would now reach Jerusalem.

The ships sailed away, but they did not go to the Holy Land. The captains

were cruel and wicked men. They took the children to another land and sold them as slaves.

So the poor little Soldiers of the Cross never saw Jerusalem. Nor did they ever go back to their homes.

But the story of their sorrows was told in many lands and to many people. When they heard it, a great many strong men set out for Jerusalem to fight the battles which the children had hoped to fight.

I am glad to tell you that the wicked captains were caught and punished as they deserved.

King John and the Abbot

King John was one of the kings of England. He was a wicked man, who did much more evil than good during his reign, for he was so selfish that he did not like to see anyone in his kingdom have anything which he himself could not have. His people hated him because he treated them harshly and took their property away from them to aid in his own pleasure.

Now in the town of Canterbury, there was a rich old abbot, who lived in a fine large house, called the abbey. He was very kind and gentle, so that all who knew him loved him. Everyone who passed his way was welcome to stop at his house. Indeed, his abbey became so famous that it was always full of people.

It often happened that as many as two or three hundred people would sit down to dinner with this good abbot. Not only the poor, but also, many brave knights, dressed in velvet and beautiful furs, came to visit here.

When King John heard of this, he was very angry. The abbot was living in finer fashion than the king himself. This made the king jealous, so he decided to put a stop to the abbot's fine dinners. He sent for the old man and had him brought before his throne.

"How now, good Abbot," said King John. "They tell me that you sit down to dinner with hundreds of guests, and that in all ways you live in finer style than I. No man should live better than his king, and I shall see that no man does."

The old abbot answered with fear, "I pray thy mercy, O king. I did but use that which was mine in the way that

seemed to me best. I have wealth and broad lands. I can think of no better way of using them than to give meat and drink to those who stop at my door and ask for aid. Surely I should not be blamed for doing what I can to make life pleasant for the brave knights and the poor peasants who are about me."

"How can I not blame you?" was the reply. "I, John, am England's king. All the lands and all the crops and all the gold in this whole country are mine by right. If you have more than you need, you shall turn your lands over to me. I will decide what shall be done with them."

"Oh, say not so!" cried the abbot, and he fell on his face before the king to beg for mercy.

At last the king yielded. "One chance," said he, "will I give thee. But you must answer me two questions. If you fail to make good answer to either

of the two, your head shall be cut off and all your riches shall be mine."

"I will try my best, O king," replied the abbot, for he was glad to have even this little chance to escape the king's wrath.

"Well, then," began the king, "in the first place, you must tell me, as I sit here with my crown of gold upon my head, how long I shall live. See to it that you do not miss the answer by so much as a day. In the second place, you must tell me of what I am thinking while you are trying to answer my first question."

"O, king," said the abbot, "these questions are too hard indeed to be answered at once. Give me two weeks in which to think, and I will do my best to answer them."

"Two weeks you shall have," was the reply, "but remember, if you fail, you

shall lose your head, and your lands shall be mine."

The abbot went back to his abbey, sad and in great fear, but no matter how hard he tried, he could think of no answer to the king's questions. He asked all the knights and ladies who came to the abbey, but not one could tell him what answers to make to the king.

He then rode to the town of Oxford, where was a great school and many wise men. But none of them could help him. So the abbot went on to Cambridge, where there was another school. He told his trouble to the wise men there, too. All of them liked the poor abbot and tried to think of some way to help him. But not one of them could answer the two questions.

Finally the poor abbot gave up hope. Sadly he turned back toward his great abbey. The end of the two weeks was

near, and he wished to bid farewell to his friends before going to his death.

Just before the abbot reached his own gate, he met his shepherd going out to the fields for his sheep.

"Welcome, good master," cried the shepherd. "What good news do you bring us of your search?"

"Alas," answered the abbot, "there is no good news to bring. No man can tell me what I shall say to the king that I may save my head."

The shepherd stood up straight. "I bid you be of good cheer, master. I may be able to help you. Before now a fool has taught a wise man wit."

"What," cried the abbot, "you help me? How can you be of any help to me in this trouble?"

"People have said many times," replied the shepherd, "that I look very much like you. Sometimes I have even been mistaken for you. If that is true

when we dress in such different clothes, surely no one could tell us apart if I wore your cloak and your cap. Lend me your horse, your cloak, your staff, and your servants, and I will go to London. If nothing else, at least, I can die in your place."

"My good shepherd," said the abbot, "you shall not die in my place. If the worst comes to the worst, I shall die for myself; but I have a mind to let you try your plan and see if good may come of it."

So it happened that the very next day the shepherd made ready to go to London. Over his plain shepherd's dress he put the abbot's long cloak. On his head he wore the abbot's fine cap, and in his hand he carried a golden staff. Dressed in his master's clothes, the shepherd looked so much like the abbot that no one could have told that he was not the great man himself. He then mounted

the abbot's horse, and together with a great following of servants, he started to London.

When this party arrived in the city, they went straightway to the palace, where the shepherd was shown before the king.

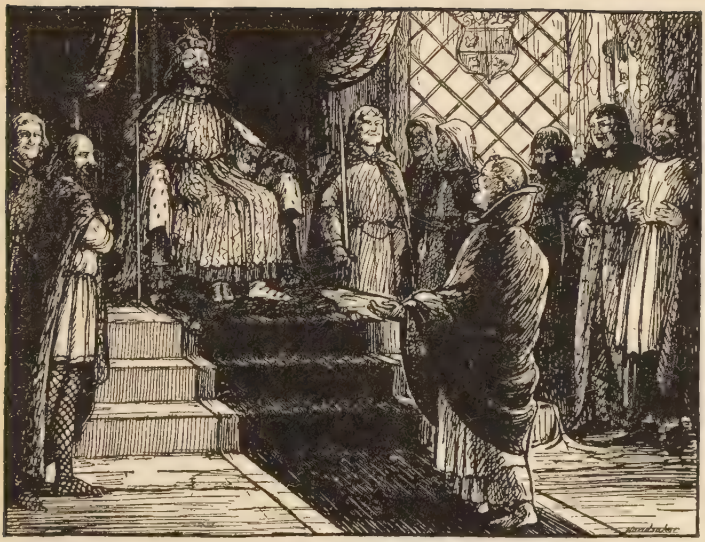
When King John saw the shepherd he did not doubt that he was the abbot.

"I welcome you, Sir Abbot," he said. "It is well that you have come back to me. Can you give me the answers to my two questions? Remember, if you fail to answer either, you are to lose your head."

"O, king, I remember," said the shepherd. "But I think I can answer both your questions."

King John laughed at this, for he did not think any man could answer the questions.

"Well, since you think you can answer my questions, tell me, how long



The Shepherd Before King John

shall I live? Be sure that you tell me the truth."

The shepherd looked at the king and said, "O, king, you shall live until you die, and not one day longer; and you shall die when you take your last breath, and not one minute sooner."

This answer made the king laugh.

"You are a witty fellow, Sir Abbot," he said. "Your answer to the first ques-

tion is right, but you must also answer another. Now tell me of what I am thinking while you are standing before me."

The shepherd was ready to answer this question also. "That is, indeed, an easy question," he said. "You are thinking that the Abbot of Canterbury stands before you. But there you are wrong, O king, for I am only a poor shepherd, who has come to beg your pardon for both my master and myself." With these words the shepherd threw off the abbot's long cloak.

When the king saw that he had been deceived by the shepherd, he laughed loudly and long.

"You are certainly a witty, merry fellow," said the king. "Indeed, you are so witty that I am going to make you the Abbot of Canterbury in place of your master."

"That cannot be," answered the shep-

herd, "for I can neither read nor write."

The king knew that what the shepherd said was true. "You are right, my merry fellow," he said. "You could not be an abbot. But I will give you something to pay you for your wit. Every week, for the rest of your life, I will send you four pieces of silver. And now you may go. When you get home, tell your master that he is free, and that it was your wit which brought him the king's pardon."

William Tell

Six hundred years ago the Swiss people were ruled by men from another country. These rulers treated the people very badly.

One of the rulers was a bad and cruel man. He set up a pole in the market place of a Swiss town and hung his hat upon it. Then he said that all who passed by must bow to the hat.

This was a foolish thing. The people were proud, and did not wish to bow to the ruler's hat, but they feared he would kill them if they did not do so. So some of them bowed, but it was with anger and hate in their hearts.

Yet there was one man who would not bow to the hat. He was a bold hunter, and his name was William Tell.

Tell Will Not Bow to the Hat

He passed the pole three times, but he did not bow. When this was told to the ruler, he was very angry.

"That man shall die," said he.

But he did not kill Tell at once. He said he would save the hunter's life if he would, with his bow and arrow, shoot an apple from the head of his own little son.

It was a cruel thing to ask, for the sharp arrow might strike the boy's head

instead of the apple. The ruler hoped that this would happen, and then he would kill Tell.

But no man could shoot better than the bold hunter. He set an apple upon his boy's head. The child was not afraid, for he trusted his father.

Then Tell drew his bow and shot the arrow. Its sharp point stuck into the apple and cut it into pieces, but it did not hurt the boy.

The people shouted with joy, but the ruler was angry. He saw another arrow in the hunter's belt.

"What is that arrow for?" asked he.

"If I had hurt my boy, I should have shot that arrow into your heart," said Tell.

These bold words made the ruler more angry than before.

"Take that man to prison," cried he.

So Tell was thrown into a boat and rowed across the lake to a strong castle.

But on the way a storm arose, and while they were trying to land, Tell jumped ashore. He hid himself in the high mountains, and when the ruler came to find him, the hunter shot him dead with an arrow.

So the Swiss people were rid of a cruel man. To this day they love to speak of the brave Tell.

This building stands on the rock where Tell is said to have jumped ashore

How a Strong Castle Was Taken

One evening when it was nearly dark, a woman sat upon the high wall of a castle in Scotland. She held her baby in her arms, and she sang to lull it to sleep.

This woman was the wife of an English soldier. The castle was full of English soldiers, for the King of England had taken it away from the Scots.

This is the song which the woman sang:

"Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye,
Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye,
The Black Douglas shall not get ye."

Douglas was a leader of the Scots. He was a big man with black hair, and he

was brave and clever. He had made up his mind to win the strong castle back for the Scots.

The woman did not know the Black Douglas was near when she sang that song to her baby. The soldiers also did not know, or they would have watched more carefully than they did.

By and by the woman looked down and saw some black things moving on the ground outside the castle wall. She pointed to them.

"What are those things?" said she to a soldier.

The man looked down from the wall. "They are only bullocks," said he. "They must have strayed from the farm yonder." Then he walked away.

The woman went on singing to her baby:

"Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye,
The Black Douglas shall not get ye."

All at once a voice said: "Do not be so sure of that." The woman started and looked round. There beside her was "Black Douglas" himself. He had climbed the wall.

Other Scots were close behind him. These men were the black things which the woman had seen moving upon the ground. They wore black cloaks and crept upon their hands and knees. That is why in the dusk they looked like bullocks.

Douglas and his men opened the gates of the castle before the English soldiers could stop them. Then a strong band of Scots rushed in and the castle was taken.

Many of the English were killed in that fight. But Douglas saved the life of the woman who had sat upon the wall singing to her baby.

A King Learns a Lesson

One of the greatest of the Scotch kings was Robert Bruce. He was very wise and very brave, and it was well for Scotland that the country had such a king. For at that time, the king of England, who wanted to take Scotland for himself, had led a great army into that country.

The war had lasted a long time and Robert Bruce had almost lost heart. Six times had he led his army against the English; six times had his men been beaten and driven back. It now seemed that Scotland must give up, that it was impossible for the Scots to win. Bruce's army had been scattered, and even he, the king, had been forced to find a hiding-place for himself.

Robert Bruce Watching the Spider

As he wandered through the wood alone, this unhappy king came upon a wretched old hut. He entered and lay down on some straw to rest, for he was very tired from his journey through the forests and among the mountains.

It was a dreary day. As Bruce lay there on the straw, he listened to the rain as it pattered down on the roof of his hiding-place. He was tired and lonely.

WATCHING ON THE CASTLE WALL

It seemed to him that there was no longer any use for him to try to drive the English from Scotland. He felt that he could do nothing but give up to his foes.

But as he lay there, he happened to look up. Above him, hanging from the roof of the hut he saw a spider making ready to spin her web. He watched the little thing as she worked. She was trying to swing to the next rafter and so build her thin web. Six times she tried and six times she failed. Then she stopped. Bruce thought she had given up.

"Poor little spider, you are just like me," he said. "Six times have we both tried, and six times have we failed. We can do no more."

But just then the spider began to move again. Slowly and with care she tried to swing herself across to the next rafter.

Bruce watched her closely. He wondered if she would fail again. But the

spider did not fail; this time she reached the other rafter.

When the king saw that the little spider had swung herself across in safety, he took heart and sprang up from his resting-place.

"You have taught me a lesson, my brave little friend," he said. "I, too, will try again."

Then Bruce went out and called some of his men to him. They were pleased when he told them that he was ready to meet his foes again. All were willing to help him. Messages were at once sent to all parts of Scotland asking the Scots to gather around their brave king.

The army which came in answer to these messages was not a large one, but the soldiers were brave. Although they knew that the king of England had three times as many men as Robert Bruce had, these brave Scots did not lose heart.

A hard fought battle followed, but in

the end, Bruce and his men forced the English back. England's king was then ready to leave the Scots alone. The Battle of Bannockburn, for that is the name of this great battle, was won by Bruce and his Scots. Scotland was free from her foes forever, and all because her king had learned a good lesson from a little spider.

Dick Whittington

You all know the story of Dick Whittington and his cat. Perhaps you think it is only a fairy tale, and that Dick was not a real person at all. If you think so, you make a mistake.

Dick Whittington was alive in England about five hundred years ago. He was Lord Mayor of London three times, just as the story says.

Dick's father and mother died when he was a young boy. Then he was very unhappy at home. So he went to London, and worked in the house of a rich merchant.

This merchant had ships which he sent across the sea. He filled his ships with fine and useful things, to be sold to the people of other lands.

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WHITTINGTON GIVING FOOD TO THE POOR

From the painting by Henrietta Rae, in the Royal Exchange, London

This is what the story tells us. One day the merchant asked his servants if they would like to put something into his ship. So each servant sent something to be sold in lands across the sea.

Dick sent a cat. He was poor and had nothing else to send. But his cat was sold for some pieces of gold in a land where there were many mice and rats, but no cats to catch them.

This gold was a help to Dick. He worked hard and soon made more money, and by and by he became a rich merchant like his old master.

Then he was made Lord Mayor of London, once, twice, three times. The last time he was mayor, he gave a fine feast to the king and queen. And the king made him a knight and called him Sir Richard Whittington.

Sir Richard did not spend all his money on himself. He was very kind to the poor, and gave them food and clothes.

He gave money to build churches too, and helped to build a hospital for poor sick people.

In those days the prisons were dreadful places. They were dark and small, and there was no good fresh air in them. Many men and women fell sick and died in prison.

Sir Richard was very sorry for the poor prisoners. So he gave money to make one of the prisons in London a larger and better place.

A Monument to Sir Richard Whittington

JOAN RIDING TO BATTLE

Joan of Arc

Long ago a young girl named Joan lived in a farmhouse in France. Joan played with her brothers and sisters in a large forest near her home. She liked to listen to the wind among the trees, and she loved the little wild birds and beasts.

The birds and beasts loved Joan too. They would come to her when she called them.

Joan was a good girl. She helped her mother to keep the house tidy, and to spin and sew. Sometimes she went into the fields to mind the sheep.

Those were sad days for France, for there was fighting in the land. The English soldiers were there, and they had beaten the French soldiers in many battles.

The French prince was not a brave nor a wise man. He was afraid of his foes, and did little to help his own people.

Some of the poor wounded soldiers of France came to the village where Joan lived. Then the young girl gave up her bed to the sick men, and helped her mother to nurse them. Her heart was full of pity for the fair land of France.

One day Joan heard a voice which told her to go and help her country. She thought it was an angel's voice. But at first she did not go. "How can a young girl like me help France?" she said.

Then the voice spoke to her again and again, and each time it told her to go and help the French prince.

At last Joan made up her mind to go, for she was sure that God had sent an angel to speak to her.

The young girl's friends laughed.

"How can you help the prince?" they

cried. "You will do better to stay at home and mind the sheep."

"I would gladly stay by my mother's side," said Joan, "but I must go, for God wills it."

Her father at first tried to stop her, but in the end he let her go. She asked many people to help her, and at last a great man sent her to the prince.

The prince was not pleased to see her. "What can you do to help me?" he asked. "Can you ride to battle?"

"I can if God wills it," said Joan. "He wills that I shall help you to win the crown of France."

She said this again and again, till at last the prince thought she might be right. So he gave her a white suit of armor, and a white banner, and set her on a white horse.

Then he told her to lead his soldiers to battle.

The French soldiers thought their girl-

leader was an angel come down from heaven to help them. This thought made them brave when they marched to battle.

The English soldiers were afraid of her. So they did not fight well, and the French were able to beat them many times.

Very soon the French prince was crowned King of France, and Joan felt that her work was ended. She knelt before the king and said:

"Gentle king, God's will is done. Let me now go home to my brothers and sisters; they will be so glad to see me."

But the king did not want to let her go, for he feared that his soldiers would not be so brave without her. So poor Joan had to stay, and go on fighting.

But she was sad. She longed to see her dear ones at home, and to walk in the forest which she loved so well.

The French soldiers lost heart when they saw how sad she was, and then they

did not fight well. At last they were beaten, and poor Joan was put into prison by her foes.

The French king did not try to help her. So she lay in prison for a long time.

Then the English took her out. They told her to say aloud before the people that she had done wrong, and that she had not spoken truly when she said that angels had talked with her.

But Joan would not say those things.

"I am a simple country girl, and God only has helped me in all I have done," said she.

The English did not believe her. They said that she was a wicked girl, and that she did not speak the truth. So they did a very cruel thing. They burned poor Joan to death.

That was nearly five hundred years ago. To-day the English people are ashamed to think of this wicked deed.

The French people are ashamed, too, when they remember their weak king, who did nothing to help the brave young girl who had done so much for him and for the fair land of France.

The Place Where Joan of Arc Was Burned at Rouen

The Story of Printing

One day, about five hundred years ago, an old man named Coster went for a walk in the woods near his home in Holland. When he was tired he sat down to rest upon a log.

There was bark upon the log. Coster peeled some bark from the log, and cut it into letters A, and B, and C with his knife. The letters were for his little grandchildren at home.

He rolled the letters he had made in a piece of parchment, and tied them up into a parcel. Parchment is a sort of paper made from skin.

When the old man reached home, he opened the parcel and took out the letters. He looked at the paper in surprise. There were marks A, and B, and

C upon it. The bark of which the letters were made had been damp, and it had marked the paper with the shape of the letters.

The letters were not very clear, but they could be read. When Coster saw them he began to think.

"Why should not books be printed from letters wet with ink?" said he to himself.

In those days there were very few books, and they were very costly. They were not printed as our books are, because men did not then know how to print. All books were written, and every letter was made by hand with pen and ink.

It took a long time to copy a book in this way. Sometimes a man would work at one book every day for two or three years. No wonder it cost much money when it was done.

Only rich people could buy books then.

CAXTON'S PRINTING PRESS

Lettering a Book by Hand

Most of the poor people did not even know how to read, for of what use was it to learn, if they had no books?

Coster tried to find out how to print books instead of writing them. He made many letters, first of wood and afterwards of metal. He smeared these letters with ink and pressed sheets of paper on

them. He did this by hand. The inky letters made black marks on the paper, and the marks were shaped like the letters.

The old man was much pleased, for now he felt sure that books could be printed in this way.

Coster showed his printed letters to a clever young man from Germany.

This young man saw that Coster had found out something good and useful. But his way of printing took a long time.

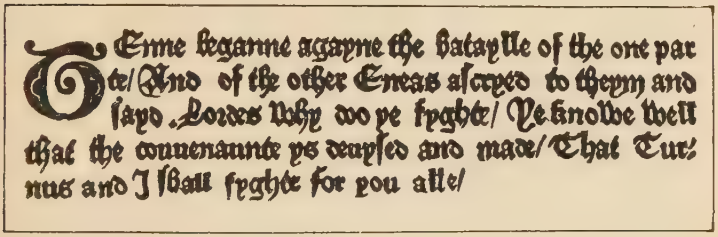
So the young German set to work to find a quicker way. He worked hard, and by and by he made a machine for printing books. It was called a printing press.

The printing press had cases for holding the letters. It had brushes for smearing the ink upon the letters, and it had a press for pressing the sheets of paper down upon the inky letters.

With a printing press, a hundred

copies of a book could be printed in a few days. What a wonderful thing these clever men had found out!

About that time, an Englishman named


Tenne began agayne the batayll of the one parte/ And of the other Eneas aſcryed to theym and ſayd. Lordes why do ye fyghte/ Ye knowe well that the couenaunte is deuyſed and made/ That Turnus and I ſhall fyghte for you alle/

Part of a Book Printed by Caxton

Caxton lived in a land across the sea. He copied books in writing for a great lady.

Caxton grew very tired of this work. He said his hand was tired from holding a pen, and his eyes were dim from looking at white paper.

He was very glad to hear of this new machine for printing books. He learned how to print, and then he made a printing press for himself and took it to England.

An Early Printing Press

Caxton set up a small shop in London, and there he put his press. He printed books of all sorts. There were story books, and prayer books, and poetry books, and books of travel.

Crowds of people came to his shop to see the wonderful machine which could print a book in one day. Some of the people took written books with them, and asked Caxton to print them.

Sometimes the king went to the printer's shop, to talk with him and hear about his work.

Caxton's press was never idle. The books he printed were much cheaper than written books. Now it was not only rich men who could buy them. People who

had a little money were also able to buy a book to read.

Men and women who did not know how to read now began to learn, and to teach their children. And people grew wiser and better because they had good books to read.

A Picture from an Old Book

The Finding of the New World

There was once a boy in the sunny land of Italy whose name was Columbus.

This boy lived at the seaside. He loved the sea. He liked to talk to the sailors, and hear their tales of far away lands. And he liked to read books of travel.

Sometimes he sailed in a ship to strange places. But he did not go far from home. Men did not go far across the sea in those days, for they did not think it was safe to do so. They did not know that there were lands on the other side of the sea.

But young Columbus thought that the world was a very big place.

"I am sure I should find new and wonderful lands if I could sail far across the sea," said he.

At first he could not do so. He was poor, and had no money to buy ships or to pay sailors to go with him.

When he was a man, he asked kings and queens and rich men to help him. But for a long time nobody would give him money.

At last, when he had been to many places, and asked many people, he got help. The Queen of Spain got him three ships and a hundred men. She said she would make him a rich man, if he should find new lands.

Then Columbus was very happy. He made his ships ready, and sailed away with his men over the wide blue sea.

At first, all went well. So long as the ships were near land, the sailors were content. But when they had sailed a long way, and no land was to be seen, the men felt afraid.

"These little ships are not safe in this big sea," said they. "We must go back."

And they looked angrily at their leader because he had taken them such a long way from home.

Columbus spoke gaily to them.

"Wait a little longer," said he. "We shall soon reach another land beyond the sea."

So the three ships sailed on and on, over the wide blue sea. The days passed, and the weeks passed, and still no new land was found.

Then the sailors lost heart. "We will go no farther," they cried. "We will turn the ships round and go back to Spain."

Their brave leader was sad. "Wait only three days longer," said he. "If we do not then see land, I will myself turn the ships and go back."

So the sailors said they would wait for three days longer.

Soon after this, some bits of wood were seen floating upon the water. The wood

WATCHING FOR LAND

Landing in the New World

had strange marks upon it, as if someone had been cutting it.

"That wood has come from the land," said Columbus. "We shall soon be there."

By and by some birds flew past. "Those are land birds," said Columbus. And he steered his ships so as to follow them.

Then a branch of a tree was found in

the sea. There were red berries upon the branch, and these berries were quite fresh. So all the men knew that land must be near.

Next day a green island was seen. It was part of the New World beyond the sea. Then there was joy among the men. They threw themselves down at the feet of Columbus and begged him to forgive them. They knew now what a wise and brave leader he was.

Columbus and his men landed on the island, and the brown people who lived there crowded round them. Instead of wearing clothes, they put paint upon their skins. They were full of wonder to see the white men, and their clothes, and boots, and their strange ships.

But the white men did not stay long. They sailed away and found some other islands. Then they went back to Spain. What a wonderful story they had to tell

of new lands, and strange people, and animals, and birds, and flowers!

When the other seamen heard that Columbus had come back safe, they were no longer afraid to sail far away from home. Many of them went across the sea in their ships, to see for themselves the new lands which had been found.

Some went farther still, and found other lands in the New World. The great land which is now called America was one of these.

The Great Fire of London

When a house is set on fire in these days, firemen rush with their engines to put it out. But in old days there were no firemen and no fire engines. A fire was then a much more dreadful thing than it is now.

Once upon a time, nearly all the big city of London was burned to ashes. The fire began on a windy night, at a baker's shop in a narrow street.

The strong wind blew the flames from the baker's house to the next, and then to the next. Very soon all the houses in the street were blazing. They were made of wood, so they burned very quickly.

Before long the fire spread to other narrow streets of wooden houses. What a dreadful sight it was! Sparks flew

KING GEORGE AND QUEEN MARY IN INDIA
AS EMPEROR AND EMPRESS

about, flames blazed and crackled, and roofs and chimneys fell with a crash.

The poor people did not know what to do. They ran this way and that way, screaming. Many of them dragged their goods out of their houses to try to save them. But there were not enough carts to carry the things away, and soon the streets were full of beds, and broken tables, and chairs.

By and by the pavements became so hot that nobody could walk on them. People ran to the river, and rowed away in boats. Thousands went to the fields outside the city.

The fire kept on burning for three days. Hundreds of houses and many churches and schools were burned to the ground.

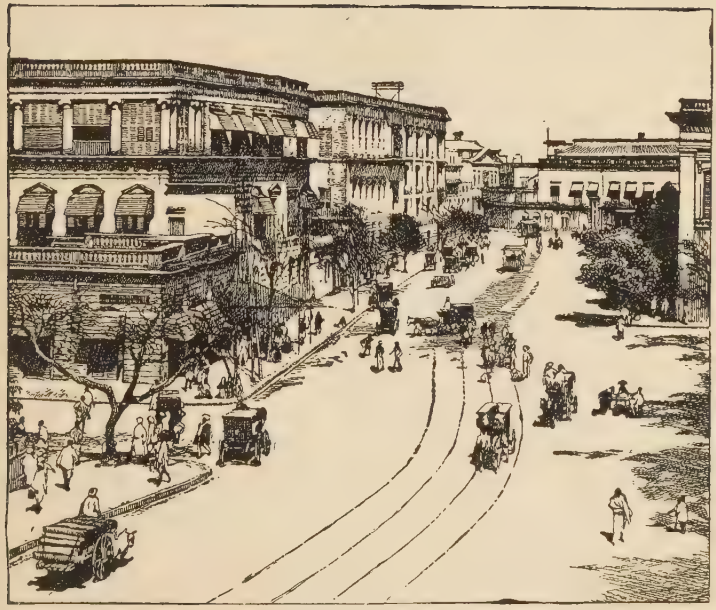
Then someone found a way to stop it. A great many houses were blown up with gunpowder. This made wide gaps in the streets. The flames died out

slowly when they reached these gaps, for they could not leap over them to the houses on the other side.

The people of London were very brave. They soon set to work to build up their city. This time they made the streets wider, and they used brick or stone, instead of wood, to build their houses.

This Stone Tower Marks the Place Where the Fire Began

So the new London was a better place to live in than the old one. A tall tower of stone was built to mark the place where the great fire began, and there you may see it still.



Clive Street, Calcutta, India
Clive once lived in a house on this street

A Wild Boy—Robert Clive

One day there was a crowd in the market-place of a little English town. People looked up and pointed. There at the top of the church tower, a boy was sitting. He had climbed the high tower. The people got ladders and brought him down safe.

That boy was young Robert Clive. He was a wild, careless boy, who loved to run and to play soldier. This made his father sad, for he feared his boy would not be a good and useful man.

But he made a mistake. Robert was wild and idle, but he was not a bad boy. When his school days were over, he went to India to work for some merchants.

He had to sit on a stool and write letters, and add up figures. He did not do this work well, for he hated to sit still. The merchants were not pleased with him.

But by and by a change came. There was a fight in India between the English merchants and the French merchants.

Young Clive was sent out to fight for the English merchants. He did this well, for he liked it. By and by he was made a prisoner.

But the boy who could climb a church

KING GEORGE AND QUEEN MARY IN INDIA
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Clive Watching the Work of His Guns

tower was able to find a way out of prison. He got away safely, and went back to the merchants.

The fighting was not yet over, and Clive wanted to go back there. "Let me go," said he; "I can fight better than I can write."

So the merchants let him go.

The young man was right. He could

fight well, and he was a brave soldier. Before long he was made a captain and led his men to battle against a great ruler of India. The battle was won, and a part of India was taken.

That was the first part of India to be ruled by the British. Now all of that great land belongs to the British Empire.

King George V, of England, is the ruler of India. Soon after he became king he went to see his people there, and the crown of India was put upon his head.

The Boy Nelson

Nelson was one of the bravest sailors who ever lived, and one of the best loved. In another book you will read of some of the things which he did when he was a man.

But he was brave long before he was grown up; he was a brave boy.

It is not only big, strong boys and girls who are brave. Nelson was not a big, strong child; he was small and weak, and he was often ill. But he was never afraid.

When he was a very little boy, he went to stay with his grandmother. One day he set out alone to look for birds' nests. He did not come home to dinner.

The hours passed by, but still he did not come back. His grandmother feared that he was lost, so she sent a servant to look for him.

The servant found him far away. He was sitting on the bank of a stream which was too wide and deep for him to cross.

"I wonder, child, that hunger and fear did not drive you home," said his grandmother.

YOUNG NELSON AND THE POLAR BEAR

"Fear, Grandmamma!" said little Nelson. "What is fear? I never saw it."

Nelson was only about twelve years old when he sailed on a ship to the cold sea near the North Pole. The ship was frozen in the ice, and for some weeks it could not move.

One night young Nelson and another boy crept away from the ship, and walked across the ice. They wanted to hunt a bear.

It was dark and foggy. Nobody saw the boys go, but very soon the sailors missed them and went to look for them. When daylight came, the two boys were seen far away from the ship. They had found a big bear, and were trying to kill it.

"Come back!" shouted the sailors, who feared that the bear would kill the boys. But young Nelson would not come back. So the sailors fired a gun, and at

the sound of the gun, the big bear ran away.

When the boys came back to the ship, they were well scolded for being so rash.

"Why did you do such a thing?" asked the captain.

"I wanted a bearskin for my father," said young Nelson.

He was not afraid when he was a boy, and he was not afraid when he grew to be a man. That is why he did so many brave things.

He became a great sea captain, and led the British ships to battle.

The Boy Napoleon

When you read big books of history, you will find many stories about Napoleon. He was not a large man, but he was one of the best soldiers the world has seen.

Napoleon loved to fight, and he began to fight when he was a boy. He was a French boy, and he went to school in France.

He was not bright at his lessons. He liked to dig in the garden of the school, and to walk alone. Most of all, he liked to play at battles, or to read about them in books.

One winter it was very cold. The snow was deep on the ground. The playground with its coat of snow seemed just the place for a game.

"Let us go out!" said young Napoleon to the other boys. "I will show you a fine game to play in the snow."

The boys ran out into the playground. Then Napoleon showed them how to dig passages in the snow, and how to make it into walls, and forts, and trenches. He had read about these things in his books about battles.

When the teachers saw how busy and happy the boys were, they did not stop their game.

By and by all was ready. Then the boys had a battle. There were two parties of boys, and Napoleon was the leader of one party. He and his young soldiers hid behind the snow walls and forts on one side of the playground, while the rest of the boys went to the other side. They fought with snowballs.

The snow lasted for a long time. For many days the boys ran out, when lessons were done, to play at battles.

YOUNG NAPOLEON IN THE PLAYGROUND

But at last some of the young soldiers were hurt with stones which were put into the snowballs. Then the teachers stopped the game.

Many of these boys who played at soldiers in the snow became real soldiers when they were men. But Napoleon was the best soldier of them all.

Napoleon

He was the leader of the French soldiers. His men loved and trusted him. They were always brave when he was with them, so they won many battles.

But they were beaten at last by the British in a big fight. Some day you will read about this fight, and about the brave British leader who beat the great Napoleon.

Napoleon Leading His Men Across the Bridge

The Little Corporal

When Napoleon was a young man his country was at war with Austria. It was a terrible war, and brave men were needed to lead the French soldiers against their foe. Among the men chosen for this work was the young Napoleon.

Now, Napoleon was not only young, but he was very small and very thin as well. At first glance everyone took him

to be just a poor, weak, little man who had better be keeping shop than fighting. But there was something in his face that made people turn to look a second time. Then they saw that they had been mistaken. His eyes were sharp and bright; he seemed to see everything at once.

When Napoleon reached his soldiers, he found them ragged and hungry, cold and hopeless. At the first sight of their new officer they wanted to make fun of him. Surely such a man could not lead an army, they thought. But they soon changed their minds, for Napoleon began to talk to them.

"Soldiers," he said, "you are hungry. You haven't enough clothing to keep you warm. France owes you a great deal, but can do nothing for you. But I will lead you into a rich country. There you shall win great cities. You shall find not only riches, but you shall find glory as

well. Soldiers of France, will you follow me?"

As they listened to Napoleon's cheering words, the soldiers forgot their hunger and cold. They began to like their new leader at once, and they no longer wanted to laugh at him. In this way he won the love of his men.

Later they found that this man, small though he was, was not afraid of danger. He shared their troubles and risked his life as though he were a common soldier. Soon there was not a man among them who did not love and worship him.

Many times Napoleon led his soldiers against the Austrians. Before a year had passed he had fought more than a dozen battles, and each time he had won.

One of the greatest of these battles was the one fought at the little town of Lodi. The French had pursued the Austrians to that place, but they could go no farther, for before them lay the river Adda.

To cross this river they had to pass over a small bridge called the Bridge of Lodi.

The Austrians had already crossed the river. Of course, they wanted to keep the French from following, so they placed their guns near the bridge. If Napoleon and his men should try to pass they would shoot them down.

But Napoleon did not let this stop him. He ordered some of his best soldiers to rush ahead and take the bridge.

"But it is impossible," said one of these men.

"Impossible?" asked Napoleon. "In our language there is no such word as 'impossible.'"

Encouraged by these words, the men rushed on. But scarcely had they touched the bridge when they were shot down by the Austrians. Still others tried to take the bridge, but all were struck by Austrian bullets and all fell wounded.

Those who were left stopped short.

They did not want to be killed. For a moment it seemed that the French were going to lose the battle.

But just then Napoleon himself snatched the banner from the hands of the corporal, or color-bearer. Waving the flag above his head, he called to his men to follow him. The soldiers dashed after their beloved leader. In a few minutes the French were holding the bridge and the Austrians were fleeing on all sides.

After this victory at the Bridge of Lodi the French soldiers always called their leader "The Little Corporal." It was a name Napoleon loved very dearly.

Australia

On the other side of our round world there is a very big island called Australia. It is part of the British Empire.

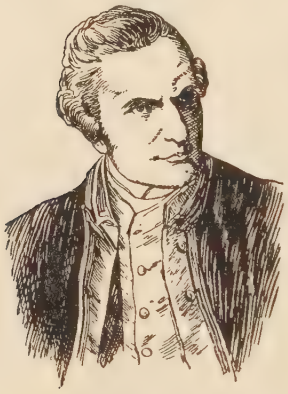
There are fine cities in Australia now, and large farms where thousands of sheep feed. And there are orchards full of fruit trees, and wide plains where gold is found.

In the old days this was not so. When George III was King of England, people knew very little about this big land.

So, by his order, a ship was made ready. A brave sailor, named Cook, was made captain of the ship, and sent to the other side of the world to look for new lands.

Captain Cook sailed away far over the sea, and found a great many islands. On

one of these they found old stone idols, some of which had fallen down.



Captain Cook

At last they came to an island far bigger than any of the others, and nearly as large as Europe. This was the land which is now called Australia.

He landed on the shore with his men, and put up the British flag. This was to show all men that he had taken the land for the King.

There were no towns, no railways, no roads in Australia then. It was a wild land, and no white men lived there. A few black people roamed in the woods, and killed the wild animals and birds, and fished in the rivers.

Captain Cook sailed back to England, and told the king about the new country

VISITING THE GREAT IDOLS

Captain Cook on Board His Ship

which he had found. Soon after that, other ships sailed over the sea to Australia. They were full of British men and women and children.

These people took with them their beds, and chairs, and tables. They took seeds too, and wagons, and tools, and horses, and cattle, and sheep. For they

meant to build houses, and make farms, and grow grain in the new land.

At first these people from Britain did not find Australia a good land to live in.

They packed their children and their goods into their wagons, and drove their cattle and sheep before them. Then they marched out into the wild country.

But they did not go far. Soon they came to some high mountains. There they stopped, for their horses could not go up the rocky sides of the mountains.

They cut down trees, built houses of wood to live in, and planted their seeds. But the seeds did not come up. And this is why.

On the other side of the world things are not the same as they are on this side. It is autumn there when it is springtime here, and the summer sun shines in Australia when ice and snow are in our land.

A Farm in Australia

The newcomers did not know these things. They planted their seeds at the wrong time, and that is why they did not come up.

The poor people had other troubles too. Many of their sheep ate bad weeds and died. Some of their cattle were lost in the woods. Often they had not enough to eat, or the streams dried up and there was no water to drink. Sometimes the black people burned their houses and stole their sheep and cattle.

It was a sad time. Many of the settlers died; some lost heart and said: "Let us go home again; this is not a good land for white men."

But many others were brave. They made up their minds they would not be beaten. These were the men who made Australia a great land.

They soon found out the right time to plant their seeds, and began to grow grains and fruits. By and by they made a way across the high mountains. On the other side of the mountains they found good grass for their sheep. Some of them found gold.

Before long, other people from Britain sailed across the sea to help their brave friends. After a time, towns were built, and good roads and railways were made.

To-day the big island on the other side of our round world is one of the best lands of all. And the people are busy, and rich, and happy.

They send many good things to the markets of Britain. Wool, and wood, and fruit, and butter, and meat are some of these things.

A Kangaroo
The kangaroo is a common animal in Australia

PRONOUNCING LIST OF PROPER NAMES

Adda ăd′dȧ
Alexander ăl-ĕg-zăn′dĕr
Alfred ăl′frĕd
America ȧ-mĕr′ĭ-kȧ
Arthur är′thŭr
Australia ôs-trā′lĭ-ȧ
Austria ôs′trĭ-ȧ
Austrian ŏs′trĭ-ăn

Bannockburn băn′ŭk-bûrn
Britain brĭt′′n
British brĭt′ĭsh
British Empire
brĭt′ĭsh ĕm′pīr
Bruce brōōs
Bucephalus bū-sĕf′ȧ-lŭs

Calcutta kăl-kŭt′ȧ
Cambridge kām′brĭj
Canterbury kăn′tĕr-bĕr-ĭ
Canute kä-nōōt′
Caxton kăks′tŭn
Christ krīst
Christian krĭst′yȧn
Clive klīv
Columbus kŏ-lŭm′bŭs
Cook kōōk
Corinth kôr′ĭnth
Coster kôs′tĕr
Crusade krōō-sād′

Dane dān
Dick dĭk
Diogenes dī-ŏj′ĕ-nēz
Douglas dŭg′lȧs

Ector ĕk′tŏr
England ĭng′glănd
English ĭng′glĭsh
Englishman ĭng′glĭsh-măn

France frȧns
French frĕnch

George jôrj
German jûr′măn
Germany jûr′mȧ-nĭ
Greece grēs
Greek grēk

Holy Land hō′lĭ lănd
Homer hō′mĕr
Horatius hō-rā′shōōs

India ĭn′dĭ-ȧ
Italy ĭt′ȧ-lĭ

Jerusalem jĕ-rōō′sȧ-lĕm
Joan of Arc jō-ăn′ ŏv ärk
John jŏn

Lodi lō′dē
London lŭn′dŭn

Mary mā′rĭ
Merlin mûr′lĭn

Napoleon nà-pō′lĕ-ŏn
Nelson nĕl′sŭn

Oxford ŏks′fẽrd

Philip fĭl′ĭp

Remus rē′mŭs
Richard rĭch′ȧrd
Robert rŏb′ẽrt

Roman rō′măn
Rome rōm
Romulus rŏm′ŭ-lŭs
Rouen rōō-ä*N*′

Scot skŏt
Scotch skŏch
Scotland skŏt′lănd
Spain spān
Swiss swĭs

Tell tĕl
Troy troi

William ˋ wĭl′y̆ȧm
Whittington hwĭt′ĭng-tŭn

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